

Good Morning

508

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



TWO SMILES, Sto. Gordon Ward

WHAT a hive of industry we found at Histon, Sto. Gordon Ward, and how hot and bothered we got trying to find your wife. The idea was, of course, to take a photograph and a few notes to put in "Good Morning."

So here you see the result, and don't they look well and happy?

'Q' MEN

A MOST unusual dinner was held in Italy recently of "Q" men, all of service battalions of the Hampshire Regiment.

Circumstances brought together at a special dinner this gathering—probably unique in war time—of three quartermasters and three regimental quartermaster-sergeants of the same regiments.

Hosts at the dinner were Lieut. (Q.M.) S. A. Osgood, M.B.E., of Southampton, and R.Q.M.S. W. H. Watts, of Portsmouth. Their guests and fellow - Hampshiremen were Lieut. (Q.M.) A. J. Truran (Portsmouth), Lieut. (Q.M.) F. P. Edwards (Southsea), R.Q.M.S. A. J. Tregidgo (Southampton) and R.Q.M.S. A. L. Smith (Winchester).

Four of the six are regular soldiers and the other two are Territorials. All have tackled complicated and often strenuous supply problems in North Africa, Italy and the Middle East.

It is their proud claim that whatever the circumstances, Hampshire in their units have not missed a single day's food, even on black and stormy nights, when stores had to be carried in relays on Army lorries, jeeps, mules and men to remote points on snow-capped mountains.

Incidentally, the dinner menu was well up to famed "Q" standards, and the exchange of "shop" talk between such masters of the art must have been very illuminating.

Friend Olive came along to "support" Eileen—at least, that is how she put it.

By the way, Olive says do you remember the wedding present, and could you do with any now?

Hearty laughter about this, but we were left out in the cold. Come on—now what was the present?

Your wife sends her love, and her wish is that you could be home for the first anniversary. Also to tell you how sorry all were that you missed Leslie's wedding. He has gone off to sea again.

All well at Cromer—your wife heard from your people at the end of September.

Did you know Olive is engaged? Her fiancé is in the Middle East, and it's wedding bells next time home. Your presence is urgently requested.

It seems you are in request all over the place—when we called at 208, Histon Rd., Cambridge, and asked Mrs. Fuller if she had any message she said, "Why, of course. Tell him to come home for the first anniversary." Easy to see her house is a home from home. The Fullers are well and send kind regards to you.

Ernie also asked after you. And that is about all this time.

Family Reunion Picture for W.O. E. DAW

EVERY three weeks, the two elder boys of Warrant-Engineer Alfred Ernest Daw manage to get home from school to spend a happy week-end with their mother, Mrs. Gladys Daw, and their younger brothers, at 58, Kingsley Road, Milton, Portsmouth.

Our photographer had the good luck to be able to picture one of these family reunions, so here, Warrant-Engineer Daw, is your wife standing at the front gate, with Micky, aged 9, and Barry, 11, to welcome Rodney, 16½, and Maurice, 14½.

Up to this term, Rodney and Maurice had been together at the Southern Secondary School, which was evacuated at the be-

ginning of the war to Brockenhurst. In September, Rodney (with the trunk) started on a three years' architectural course at the Southern College of Art at Winchester.

We hear he wants to join the R.A.F.—he is continuing in the A.T.C.—but anyway he is going into the right profession at the moment for all this reconstruction that is bound to take place after the war. He might even be able to fly his own plane then—that's what the Principal of the College told him!

Maurice (in Army Cadet uniform) is staying on at Brockenhurst in the hope of being able to take the Dartmouth entrance examination at 17. "He wants a submarine

of his own," his mother told our reporter.

He has quite a flair for making ship models, particularly battleships. Two of them have raised £5 and £3 18s. in raffles for the Red Cross. One of H.M.S. "Hood" was won by a gentleman at Henley whose son was lost in the battle cruiser. He sent along a ten shilling note for Maurice himself.

Incidentally, it may be news that it is hoped to bring the Southern Secondary School back to Portsmouth in the New Year.

Both boys are fond of music, but while Maurice prefers the classical concerts, Rodney likes jazz. Of course, the B.B.C. gets

blamed both ways! Barry is now learning the piano—two lessons a week. If he sticks at it, he may be able to make his own contribution to music some day. He and Micky are still at Milton School.

Mrs. Daw is in the W.V.S., and helps at the canteen in the Guildhall Square on Sundays and Tuesday afternoons. She has also been knitting woollen comforts for the troops. You must be very proud of your family, Warrant-Engineer Daw. Every one of them does you credit.

And we feel that one or other of the boys will still be carrying on the traditions of the Service when you yourself are in Civvy Street.

FOULEST CRIME OF ALL

JULIAN PROUT was just about as black a beast as lived. He indulged in the foulest crime that humans can engage in this side of Hell; or in Hell itself, for that matter.

Over-dressed, above medium height, dark haired, small Hitler moustache, you can see his type almost any day in Soho. He was not English. He came from the South of France, but he had a dash of other Latin blood in him; he knew Cairo well, he could talk intimately about Marseilles and Paris, and Rio. Yes, he knew Rio.

THE reason I am telling the dark story about Julian Prout (with a few aliases) is to pass on a warning to young chaps home on leave, or at a loose end. One dull October day in 1927 I met Julian Prout, the criminal the Law hadn't the power to punish sufficiently.

I was in an office in Fleet Street that day when a young fellow sent up his name, asking if he could see me. I had him up, but instead of one man, two entered the office. John Quinn from Manchester, Albert Duff from a town in the Midlands, both in their twenties, explained that they had read some of my books and wanted advice.

They had come to London to look for work; they were tradesmen of some kind, and had a shabby room between them in the Russell Square district. All this was preliminary.

The heart of their story was that they had been in a Soho pub (public bar) a night or two previously, and had been spoken to by a stranger, who stood them drinks, heard they were looking for work, and made a proposition to them.

This individual wanted them to get copies of their birth certificates (he would pay the necessary fees), and he would take them for a trip to Paris. There they were to be introduced to two girls, and were to be married to them. But the bridegrooms were to part from their brides immediately after the ceremonies were completed.

And that was all that was asked.

For this "service" they were each to get £20, all expenses paid, and returned safe and sound to London.

Both Quinn and Duff admitted to me that they needed the money badly, but they wondered if they would be getting up against the Law, so they came to find out. Why they didn't go to Scotland Yard beats me, for Scotland Yard came to them within an hour.

I sent the two back to their lodgings with instructions to stay there until they heard from me; and, with a detective, I went there to get their statement all right and proper. The name of this obliging stranger, who was giving away £40 and free trips to Paris, was, they said, Julian Prout.

Perhaps you have guessed what was back of Prout's generosity. After the 1914 war there swirled into London a large proportion of the dregs of humanity—Spaniards, Frenchmen, Italians, South Americans from semi-Spanish cities there. Most of them had double addresses, one for the police registration, one for "accommodation." They exploited vice, that was their trade.

They paid poor British men to go over to the Continent and "marry" women there, so that the women could come to this country, being the "wives" of British men.

The women walked our streets, gave their earnings, or part of them, to the bosses. For every woman thus having free entry to London (and other cities, such as Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow) rats like "Julian Prout" got £100.

The vice racket was done in such a way that the police could seldom get at the men who engineered the bestial business. As for the "husbands" who had lent their names, they could get evidence for divorce any time handed to them—in this case by Julian Prout himself.

The police knew him. They had wanted to get hold of him good and hard for some time, but he had always been as slippery as an eel, and had boasted that he could always snap his fingers at them.

That evening I was in the public bar of the pub. The saloon bar was on the other side of the horseshoe counter, and one could see through under the shelves of bottles. Quinn and Duff were with me, and as we sat by the counter, in came Julian Prout.

He came right over, and Quinn told him that I was "one of them." Prout asked if they had "got the papers." Quinn said the mail hadn't brought them, but they would come likely in the morning; but he added, nodding towards me, that I had got mine, being London born.

Prout stared at me, then smiled. He asked to see my certificate, and I handed it over. It was in a fake name, but he didn't know that.

He studied it for some time, then gave Quinn and Duff five shillings each and told them to be back in the bar the next night with their certificates.

Then he turned to me. So I was one of the unemployed, too? he said sympathetically. And would I like a trip to Paris, and how much did Quinn and Duff tell me about his idea. I told him I didn't know much,

Continuing his Series

"What the Crook forgot," STUART

MARTIN tells of a crime for which the Law has no adequate Punishment

and wanted it to be explained. He explained.

I told him that I had expected to be on the way to Paris that night, since I had got the certificate, which had cost me a few shillings, and I didn't want to hang around indefinitely.

He smiled at that. "When I get a man's birth certificate," he said, "I keep it, and don't let him out of my sight till he is on the train. You'll go tomorrow morning."

He smiled again—oily—and slipped his hand into his hip pocket and said, "Look!" I looked. In his fist was the haft of a fine stiletto.

"I don't stand any monkey business," he said, and let the stiletto drop back out of sight. He was silent for a while, sipping at his beer.

"I didn't expect you with a certificate," he said. "If Quinn and Duff had brought theirs the three of us would have stayed in their lodgings to-night. But now I've got yours—"

"Can't you put me up for to-night?" I asked.

He didn't answer, but left his drink and walked to the telephone box which stood in a corner.

I saw that he was watching me from inside the box, but that didn't matter, for I had lifted my tankard and turned it round from right to left in my hands; and a man in the saloon bar, who had been waiting for the signal, rose and went out.

In five minutes Prout came out and said, "It's O.K. You can stay in a room at my boarding-house to-night, and I'll see you on the train tomorrow. There is another man going with you."

There was plenty of time, he said, so as we sat in the bar he asked me questions. Had I ever been to Paris? Did I know my way around? No, I told him, I must have directions written down or I'd get lost.

And he believed it. He took a small notebook from his inner pocket and wrote down the address I was to ask for, and handed it to me. Of course, he said, I might not need that, for I would be wearing a rosette in my coat and somebody would meet me when the train steamed into the Paris platform. He handed me the rosette.

And then, about an hour later, we rose to go to his "boarding-house." I knew we would never reach it.

At the door of the pub he suddenly started back and drew me inside. His face was completely changed.

"There's somebody outside" (Continued on page 3)

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Ruler of a mighty Empire— YET LOVE TAMED HER

HOW would you like to marry a queen? And how would you feel if the girl had to do all the proposing?

You don't often hear about it, but Queen Victoria looked over three men as possible husbands. Any one of the three might have ruled Britain as her consort—and each man reacted in a different way.

They were all cousins, men of position, if not of wealth. They must all have been torn by ambition—and night-

mare. And yet when Queen Victoria at last married it was a love-match!

The first man in her life was Prince George of Cambridge. He was handsome, he had an air—and Queen Victoria herself, as a girl of 18, was pleasant to behold.

He was sent for almost as soon as she came to the Throne—for it seemed incredible in those days that a young girl should rule without an escort. They met, and, as the records

say, he "seemed decidedly nervous in his manner."

He was well aware that she had to look him over before making up her mind—and that Victoria rather liked the idea.

He couldn't face it. He bolted, tactfully arranging to serve on the staff of the garrison at Gibraltar—and in the end he married a printer's daughter.

It was three years before Victoria again consented to entertain the idea of marrying young. Two more cousins, Princes Ernest and Albert of Saxe-Coburg, were sent for. They had last met as children. And Ernest, the elder, spruced himself up—he was all for marrying the Queen of England and having a finger in state affairs.

Albert tailed behind him as they mounted the great staircase at Windsor Castle—but his heart bumped as he saw the Queen's slim figure waiting at the top.

For a moment he envied Ernest—and then he was bending low over a slim white hand.

For three days both Ernest and Albert behaved towards the Queen with equal circumspection. When Ernest rode with her, Albert tailed along. When Albert danced, Ernest stood watching. They took turns in duets. But it was Albert for whom, unexpectedly, the Queen at last sent.

His diaries show that he was trying not to think he had fallen in love with Victoria. He was remembering, all the time, what was due to his elder brother. He expected any day to get metropolitan marching orders from Buckingham Palace. Then came the summons. . . . In her private room he sat

MARK PRIESTLY tells how love came to QUEEN VICTORIA

nervously beside the young Queen on the edge of a great settee. The situation was full of awkwardness. "Albert," said Victoria at last, "you must know why I have sent for you—"

No reply. "Cousin," Victoria began quickly, "it would make me too happy if you would consent to what I wish . . ."

The portraits of Albert scarcely suggest that he could fall impetuously on his knees and blurt, "I shall be happy . . . to spend my life with you!" but he did.

Victoria's love for Albert was adoring and rapturous. And Albert? Well, looking back at his letters, you can't but see that he knew how to write a valentine love-letter—and swiftly learned how to handle women.

Listen to this billet-doux sent round to Victoria on their engagement day:—

"Dearest, greatly beloved, —How is it that I have deserved so much love, so much affection? Heaven has sent me an angel whose brightness shall illumine my life. Oh, that I may succeed in making you very, very happy—as you deserve. In body and soul ever your slave. . . . Saccharine? Perhaps, but surely this is the kind of letter a girl likes to get. A month later, when he was back at his



boyhood home, he could still strike the right note, "I can only imagine you in your little blue sitting-room feeling rather lonely; we were so happy together on the little sofa. . . ."

Then he discovered that the Queen was supposed to choose even his personal servants, but he was equal to the occasion.

"Think of my position, dear," he wrote. "Why do you insist on something which you know is distasteful to me?"

So to the honeymoon and the incident next morning when Victoria found her husband with his face covered with soap.

"What are you doing?" she cried. "Shaving," said the Prince Consort. "How exciting!" cried his wife. "May I stay?" She had never seen a man shaving before!

"Open the door!" she cried. "Who is that speaking?" "Her Majesty the Queen!" "Her Majesty the Queen must wait!"

Then Victoria knocked more gently. "It is your wife, Albert! Your poor unhappy little wife!"

Albert opened the door. Eventually he did begin to manage affairs that were not matters of Parliament.

He found that if the Queen wanted a fire in her drawing-room, two Government departments had to be called in for the purpose. Every day, too, hundreds of candles were replaced in the Palace, whether used or not, because candles a day old became the perquisite of the footmen.

He stopped all these muddles. He proved that being husband to a Queen wasn't merely a picturesque position.

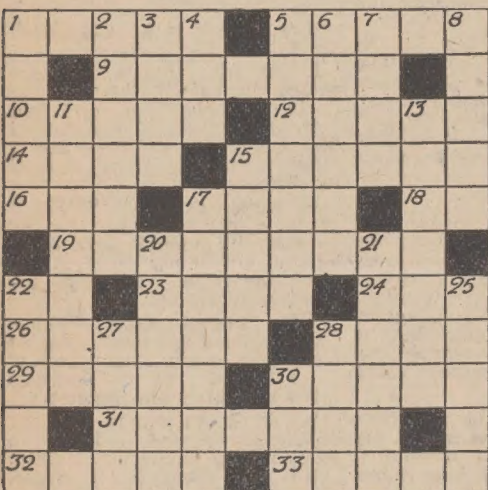
Solution to Numerical Puzzle in No. 507.

273

546

819

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Banter.
- 5 Supplicates.
- 9 Petty.
- 10 Following.
- 12 Long view.
- 14 Colour.
- 15 Paint.
- 16 Luminary.
- 17 Speed.
- 18 Short thoroughfare.
- 19 Love songs.
- 22 Word of enquiry.
- 23 Image.
- 24 Tennis stroke.
- 26 Bush.
- 28 Girl's name.
- 29 Custom.
- 30 "Daily Mirror."
- 31 Personal account.
- 32 Lock of hair.
- 33 Pick up.

BOND FENCES
ARE FED OAK
SIR LEISURE
ENVOY TAN I
DOES MOLTEN
C THERM V
POLLEN OVAL
ALLEN OVAL
CHARGER LID
TOM ELM LOG
STARRY JANE

- 1 Crustaceans. 2 Harmonise. 3 Available. 4 Tree. 5 Of cardinal importance. 6 Fenced. 7 Too. 8 Brisk. 11 Cleanses by water. 13 Silk. 15 General law. 17 Buys back. 20 Narrow elevations. 21 Pass by. 22 Break forth. 25 English poet. 27 Lady. 28 Rich soil. 30 Farm animal.

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



DRIVING tests after the war are to be more searching; the whole system is to be overhauled.

Lord Leathers, Minister of War Transport, disclosed this in the House of Lords when replying to a debate in which peer after peer called for stronger measures for the prevention of road accidents.

He also said that he intended to call in scientists to examine such factors as traffic movement in relation to road design, road surfaces, traffic signs, lighting, vehicle designs and control.

Lord Maugham, a former Lord Chancellor, said that excessive speed was very largely the cause of many accidents.

"Speaking as a lawyer, I admit that the law as regards motor-driven traffic is defective and should be amended."

THE leaders of the Church of England are failing in their duty and have done so for the past fifty years, declared Viscount Hinchinbrooke, M.P., prominent member of the influential Tory Reform Committee, speaking at Hanley, Staffs.

"Bishops come and go," he said. "Archbishops are created and pass on, and steadily the people's support of the Church of England declines."

"It is a situation which cannot be tolerated any longer. Incompetent men who will not fight for their faith and ideals must be dismissed."

Calling for "a great public debate" on Disestablishment, Viscount Hinchinbrooke said: "Either the State must identify itself completely with the Church and all bishops and clergy must be appointed by a Government Department; or

"It must cut itself off completely from the Church and the latter be given full self-government, with absolute control by churchgoers of appointments."

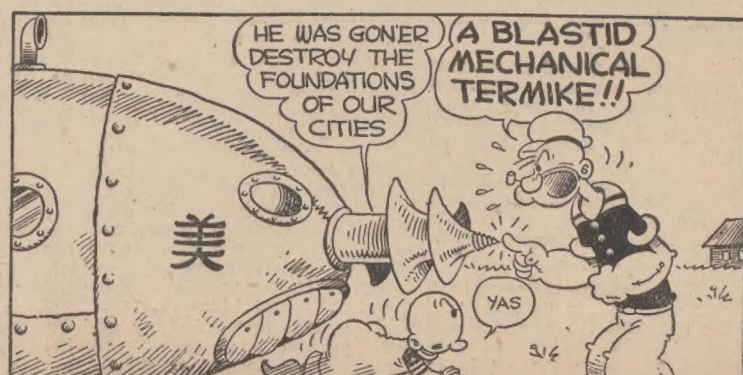
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—447

1. Insert four consonants in A * O * * A * U A and get a South American mountain.
2. In the following first line of a nursery rhyme both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Tileit a yarm balm dah.
3. In these three nationalities the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? R3M27927, 52726927, 63T5H.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 446

1. NORFOLK.
2. You can't be too careful.
3. French, Flemish, Chinese, Irish.

JANE



Foulest Crime of All

(Continued from page 1)

"I don't want to see," he muttered, and walked quickly through the curtains that divided the saloon from the public bars.

He tried the saloon door, peered out, then stepped into the narrow street. I was at his heels.

He grabbed my arm and began to run. Then he stopped, let go my arm, and ran backward. He had not gone ten yards before he wheeled again and came towards me.

Two men were coming towards us from the saloon entrance. Two men were coming towards us from the other doorway.

Prout's hand swung down swiftly towards his hip pocket, but he never drew his stiletto.

A sharp voice rang out.

"Keep your hand down!" And Julian Prout was grabbed by the detectives.

We went in a taxi to Bow Street, the six of us.

"We have been trying to

get your real address for some time," admitted the inspector as he made out the charge. "You forgot that the telephone in that pub was being tapped. We expected you to make the call. Your address has been raided and we have all the documents we need."

"How did you expect me to telephone?" demanded Prout, defiant as usual.

2	12	16	13
10	9	15	7
18	8	3	5
11	14	4	6

The inspector nodded towards me.

"We asked him to ask you to put him up for the night. We knew you got your men to Paris without delay. We have telephoned to Paris, too. You'll hear all about it at the Old Bailey, most likely."

"I forgot about the telephone being tapped," murmured Prout. "I should have been more careful."

He never looked at me. He was thinking up his defence; but he got sent to prison for three years, and was deported when he left the prison gates. And Quinn and Duff got jobs with the help of the police.

KNOCK-OUT

HERE is a 4-by-4 square with a number in each space. You are asked to knock out four of the numbers, so that each of the files across and down have the same totals.

(Answer in No. 509)

USELESS EUSTACE



"Isn't there some mistake? All we have is a window box!"

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 31

1. When George said "Geese," Mary said "Hounds." What word linked these two ideas in Mary's mind?

2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Mappin and Webb, Swan and Edgar, Bennett and Williams, Dickens and Jones, Marshall and Snelgrove.

3. If all dark people speak French, some Frenchmen speak both French and English, and some English people are dark, is it necessarily true that (a) all Frenchmen are dark, (b) some English people speak French, (c) no fair people speak both French and English?

4. If to-morrow could be the day after the day following the Sunday before next Wednesday week, what day of the week would yesterday be?

(Answers in No. 509.)

QUIZ for today

1. A sudd is a cake of soap, mass of flotsam, Arabian weapon, flood in Siam, short wooden nail?
2. In what game is the phrase "Two for his heels" used?
3. What is the difference between a cyprus and a cyperus?
4. What is the old name of the Amazon port of Belem?
5. What is special name given to the nuts grown on beech trees?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Opurtime, Opiate, Opinpinion, Opossum, Opponent, Operate.

Answers to Quiz in No. 507

1. Rodent.
2. Piquet.
3. Scarab is an Egyptian beetle; carib is a native of the Caribbean archipelago.
4. Rowan ("Mountain Ash").
5. Tierra del Fuego.
6. Trowel, Truant, Truculent, Trounce.

Answer to Test No. 30.

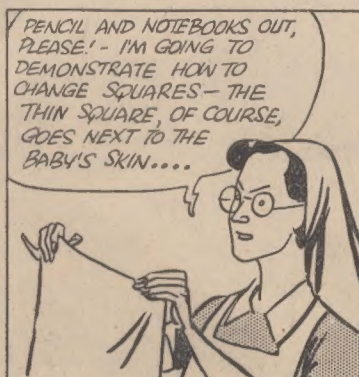
1. One day somebody will make a real perpetual motion machine. False.

2. 48 is not exactly divisible by 7; others are.

3. (a) Yes, (b) Yes, (c) No.

4. Wednesday. For a fortnight after the Sunday before last is next Sunday, which is given as three days after to-morrow. Hence, to-morrow is Thursday, and the rest is easy.

RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Argue This Out

PEACE.

WE shall have to reshape our minds if we want a lasting peace. We shall have to learn to think beyond our own frontiers. We shall have to put spiritual values and loyalties and ideals above profit-making and personal prosperity. We shall have to strengthen our friendships and try to kill national prejudices and suspicion. . . . These things matter more than military supremacy, the punishment of Germany, the paper programmes for the United Nations. Peace, ultimately, will depend upon a higher level of intelligence, a higher morality, and a nobler vision of life.

Sir Philip Gibbs.

THE CRITIC.

IT can never surely be a sign of health in any form of society if the majority of people become imbued with the attitude of the spectator, viewing things from a safe distance and handing out easily their praise and blame. There is no greater need at the moment than the need for men to identify themselves with the institutions which express the varied activities of the community of which they themselves form a part. It is only as that identification is a real thing that the institutions of mankind can do their appointed work.

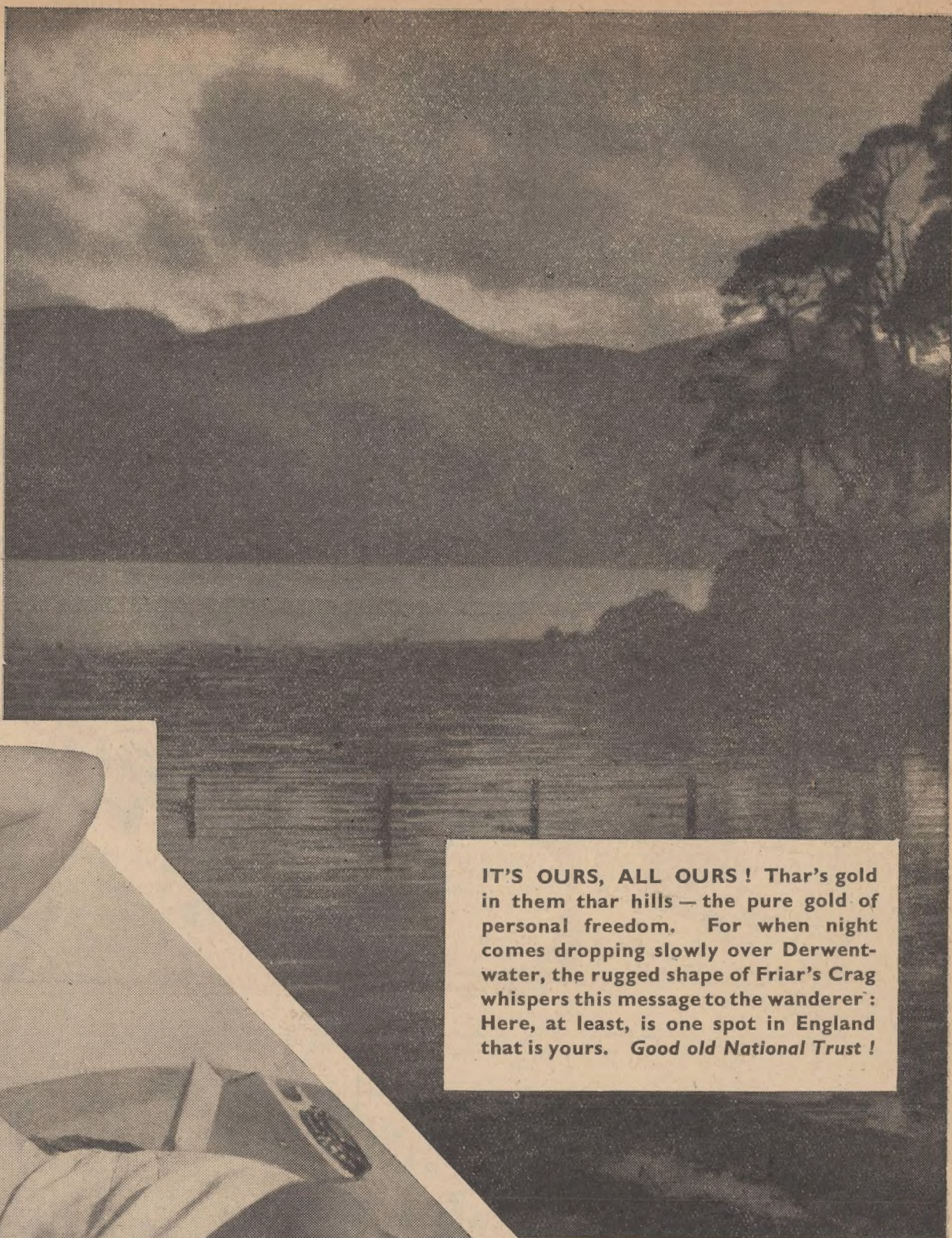
Rev. S. M. Berry, D.D.



Our 'Erbert will be 'alf as good again with this swimmin' instructor!"

Good Morning

"Has anybody here seen my Old Woman? She's a black cat, and I'm told she's given to back-chat."



IT'S OURS, ALL OURS! That's gold in them thar hills — the pure gold of personal freedom. For when night comes dropping slowly over Derwentwater, the rugged shape of Friar's Crag whispers this message to the wanderer: Here, at least, is one spot in England that is yours. *Good old National Trust!*



★ "I'D LOVE TO! I'VE NOTHING ON — WELL, PRACTICALLY NOTHING." Wait till "Jane" sees this, we thought. But when we showed this picture to the famous stripper, her only comment was "Positively overdressed, my dear, what with hair-ribbons, n'everything." ★

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"It's a wise kitten that knows its own mother."

